

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. William, sixth Earl of Douglas, the most

powerful man in all Scotland, falls in love with the Lady Sybilla, the niece of the French ambassador, Marshal de Retz, who chances to be crossing the Douglas estates. On the day following their meeting and sudden separation by the Douglas' friends, who fear the lady as a witch, occurs the great review of 10,000 retainers and hundreds of knights and squires. Sholto Mac-Kim, sen of the Douglas armorer, distinguishes himself in archery and is made cuptain of the castle guard. He falls in love with Maude Lindesay, maid of honor to the earl's sister.

On the third day of the tournament the three Douglas cousins enter the lists, as also the French ambassador, who foully casts his spear at Earl William and wounds him. In the combat Sholto shows such bravery that he is knighted. Lady Sybilla wins a promise from the young Douglas to go to Edinburgh, where is his enemies' James, Earl of Avondale; Sir Alexander

James, Earr of Avondale; Sir Alexander Livingston, guardian of the king's person; Sir William Crichton, chancellor of the realm, and Marshal de Retz begin to plot against the Earl of Douglas, Lady Sybilla agrees to become their tool and to lure Willinto their power. In spite of warnings, Douglas, with a small following, in-ing the faithful Sholto, visits Castle Crichton, where his enemies entertain hin royally. The young earl falls deeper into with Sybilla, and she, in turn, over by his sincerity and complete confi-in her, confesses her love for him and then orges him to return home with all speed. Marshal de Retz takes Sybilla to Edinburgh and William accepts the in-vitation of the young King of Scotland to wisit the court in the hope of meeting his lady love. The king and the two Douglas about to fall on the Douglas. At a ban quet a huge boar's head is brought in, a sign of treachery, and, in spite of the bray attempts of Sholto to protect his master, the earl and his brother, charged with trea-son, are arrested and imprisoned. Sholto accompanies his master. That

Sholto accompanies his master. That ght the Douglas archers shoot an arrow tached to a cord into the window and e prisoners draw up a stout rope. Will-m hears the Lady Sybilla crying in the 1stle and refuses to escape. David, a true ouglas, refuses to leave his brother, but to two persuade Sholto to go and seek the Early the next morning the Dougses are brought before the king's court, larged with high treason and sentenced be executed at once.

Sybilia declares her love before the court nd the two brothers go forth to their eath, the death of a faithful brother and truest lover in whom God ever pu

CHAPTER XXXVI. The Rising of the Douglases.

It was upon the earl's own charger Darnaway, that Sholto rode southward to raise to their chief's assistance the greates and compactest clan that ever, even in Scotland, had done the bidding of one man. The young man's heart was high and

hopeful within him. The king's guardians dared not, so he told himself, let aught befall the pulssant Douglases in their Castle of Edinburgh without trial and under cover of the most courteous hospitality.

"Try the Earl of Douglas," so Sholte thought within him. He laughed at the no-

fast and fiery to the beating of Black Darnaway's feet as he climbed the heathery slopes which lead to the Castle of Douglas. Day was breaking as he rode pest the town of Lanark, yet asleep and smokeless in the caller airs of morn. At the gates of this frontier town he delivered his first summons, for the burghers of La-nuck were liegemen of the Douglases of Douglasciale, and were (though not with much goodwill) bound to furnish service at

Sholto had some difficulty in making himself heard athwart the pond-rous wooden gates, bossed with leather and studded with iron. At first he shouted to the si-lence, but presently nearer and nearr came a bellow as of a brazen bull, thunderous "Fower o' the clock and a braw, braw

It was Grice Eishioner, watchman of the town of Lanark, evidencing to the magistrates and lleges that he was earning his

three shilling in a week-a handsome wag: in those hard times, and one well able to provide belly-timber for himself and also for the wife and weaks who, dwelling in a se off the high street, were called by his

Sholto thundered again upon the portal.

'Gpen, there' Open, I say, in the name of the Earl of Dougias!'

'Fower o' the morning! Lord, what's o' the steer? In the name o' the Yearl o' Dougias! But wha kens that it is na the English? Na, na, Grice Eishioner opens not to every night enkine icen the little.

to every night-raking loon that likes to cry the name o' the Yearl o' Douglas over oor And Grice the valorous would have taken

him off with a fresh sleep-dispelling bel-low, had it not been that he heard himself summoned in a voice that brooked no de-Open, variet of a watchman, or by St.

Brice I will have you swinging in half an hour from the bars of your own portcul-lis! I who speak am Sholto MacKim, captain of the earl's guard! Every liegeman i tain of the earl's guard! Every liegeman in the town must arm, mount and ride this instant to Edinburgh. I give you fair warning. You hear my words. I will not enter your rascal town. But if so much as one be wanting at the muster, I swear in the name of my master that his house shall be jurned with the and rased to the shall be burned with fire and razed to the ground, that his wife shall be a widow e'er ever the cock craw on another Sabbath

And, without waiting for a reply, Sholto laid the roins upon the neck of Black Darnaway and rode on southward up Dou-glas water to the home nest of his great

And behind him, with a wail in it, blared through the narrow streets the stormy voice of Grice Eisthoner, watchman of Lanark: "Wanken ye, wanken ye, burgesses a! The Douglas hath sent to bide ye mount an' ride!

The birr of the town drum saluted Shol-to's ears ere he had turned the corner Then came the answering shouts of the burghers, who thrust inquiring and indig-ment heads out of the gable windows and

continued the undaunted and in-

sistent fown drum.

"Harness yeur backs. Fill your bellies.
and stand ready! The Douglas has need
by ye heges a" cried the soncrous voice of
the watch. Sholto smiled as he listened. the watch. Shorto smiled as he listened.
"I have at least set them on the alert.
They will join the Douglasdale men as they pass by, or we will know the reason why.
But they of Labark are ill-set townward men, and of no true leaf heart, save an' it men, and of no ordered heart, save an it be to their own coffers. Yet they will march with us for fear of the harrying

hand and the burning roof-tree."

The sun shone fair on the battlements of Douglas castle as Sholto rode up to the level mead, wheron a little company of men was exercising. He could hear the words of command cried gruffly in the broad Galloway rpeech. Landless Jock was drill-ing his spearmen, and as the shining triple line of points dropped to the "ready to receive" the old knight and former captain of the earl's guard came forward a little way to welcome his successor with what little grace was at his command.

and keep his auld banes a wee while frae the rust and the green mowld?" But even as the crusty old soldier spoke these words, the white anxiety in Sholto's face struck through his half-humorous com-plaint, and the words died on his lips in a

perturbed "What is 't-what is 't ava', lad-Sholto told him in the fewest words.

'The yerl and Davvid in the power o' their hoose's enemies! Blessed St. Anthony, and here was I flighterin' and ragin' about my naethings! Here, lads, blaw the horn and cry the slogan! Fetch the horse frae the stall and stand ready in your war gear within ten minutes by the knock. Aye, faith, will we raise Douglasale! Gang your ways to Gallowa'—there shall not a man bide at home this day. Certes—we will have the control of the bide at home this day. Certes—we will that. Ca' in the by-gaun at Lanark—aye, ad, and gin the rascals are no willing or look ready, we will hang the provost and magistrates at their air depression. cagistrates at their ain doorcheeks to arn them to bide frae the cried assembly their liege lord!"
Sholto had done enough in Douglasdale.

He turned north again on a yet more im-portant errand. It was forenoon, full and broad when he halted before the little town of Strathaven, upon which the castle of of Strathaven, upon which the castle of Avondale looks down. It seemed of the

It was approaching the evening of the third day after riding forth upon his mission when Sholto, sleepless, yet quite unconscious of weariness, approached the loch of Carlinwark and the cottage of Brawny Kim. West and south he had raised the Douglas country as it had never been raised before. And now behind him every armiger and squire, every spearman and lightfoot archer was hastening Edinburghward, eager to be first to succor the volume and leaving his own beast to wander where it would.

So, leaving Sholto standing by the lake-slide with bowed head and abased sword, the strange woman went her way to work out her appointed work.

But ere the Lady Sybila disappeared among the trees she turned and spoke. "I have but one counsel, sir knight. Think no more of your master. Let the dead bury their dead. Ride to Thrieve and lose no sight of her whom you call your sweetheart, nor yet of her charge, Margaret Douglas, and heading by the lake-slide with bowed head and abased sword, the strange woman went her way to work.

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young and headstrong chief of this great house. Sholto had ridden and cried the slogan as was his duty, without allowing his mind to dwell too much upon whether all might not come too late. And ever as he rode out of village or across the desolate moors from castle or fortified farm house, it seemed that not he but some other was upon this

quest. something sterner and harder stirred in his breast. Light-heart Sholto MacKim, the careless lad of the jousting day, the proud young captain of the earl's guard, was dead with all his vanity, and in his place a man rode southward grim and determined, with vengeful angers a-smoulder in his bosom-hunger, thirst love, the joy

tle hamlet nestling along its western side under the great ancient thorn trees of the Carlin's hill.

He rode down over the green Crossmi-chael braes, on which the broom pods were

while she appeared to recognize him. She noted the sword in his hand, the death in his eye—and for the first time since the scene in the courtyard of Edinburgh Castle she smiled. Then the fury in Sholto's heart broke

suddenly forth. "Woman," he cried, "show me cause why I should not slay you. For, by God, I will, if aught of harm hath overtaken my master. Speak, I bid you, if you have any wish to live!' But the Lady Sybilla continued to smile

the same dreadful, mocking smile, and somehow Sholto, with his weapon bare and his arm nerved to the thrust, felt himself grow weak and helpless under the stillness and utter pitifulness of her look.

"You would kill me—kill me, you say"—the words came low and thrilling forth from lips which were as those of the dead

whose chin has not yet been bound about with a napkin—"ah, would that you could. But you cannot. Steel will not slay, poison will not destroy, nor water drown Sybil a de Thouars till her work be done!"

Sholto escaped from the power of her eye.

eye.
"My master—" he gasped, "my master, s he well? I pray you, tell me?" Was it a laugh that he heard in answer

Rather a sound not of human mirth, bu their enemies; cruelly and treacherously slain!"

Then the keening cry smote the air as Barbara MacKim sank on her knees and lifted up her hands to heaven.

'Oh, the bonny laddles—the two bonny, benny laddies! Mair than my ain bairns I loved them When their ain mother wasna able for mortal weakness to rear them. William Douglas drew his life frae me. What for, Sholto, are ye standin' there to tell the tale? What for couldna ye had died wi' him? Ae mither's milk slockened ye baith. The same arms cradled ye. I bade ye keep your lord safe wi' your body and your roul. And there ye daur to stan'l skin-hale and bane unbroken before your mither. Get hence—ye are nae son o' Barbara MacKim. Let me never look on your face again, gin ye bringna back the pride o' the warld, the gladness o' the auld withered heart o' her ye ca' your mither!" crackling in the afternoon sunshine, of a condemned spirit, laughing under through hollows where the corn lingered as ground. Then again the low, even voice though unwilling to have done with such a replied out of the expressionless face: scene of beauty and find itself mewed in "Aye, your master is well!"

"WHY, THEN, SHOULD I NOT KILL YOU?"

So he meditated, his thoughts running mind of Sholto MacKim.

He thundered at the townward port of the thundered at the townward port of the mind of Sholto MacKim. castle to which a steep ascent led up, where presently the outer guard soon crowded about him, listening to his story and already fingering bowstring and examining ready angering bowstring and examining rope-matches, preparatory to the expected march upon Edinburgh.

"I have not time to waste, comrades, I must see my lords," said Sholto. "I must

see them instantly. And even as he spoke there on the steps

appeared the dark handsome face and tall but slightly stooping figure of William Douglas of Avondale. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, and his serious thought-weighted face bent upon the concentration. With a push of his elbows this way and

that, the young captain of the earl's guard opened a way through the press.

In short, emphatic sentences he told his tale, and at the name of prisonment and treachery the countenance of William Douglas grew stern and hard. His face twitched as if the news came very near to witched as if the news came very near him. He did not answer for a moment, but stood biting his lips and glooming upon Sholto, as though the young man had been a prisoner waiting sentence of pit or gallows for evil doing.

"I must see James concerning this ill news," he said, when Sholto finished telling him of the black bull's head on the chanceller's banoust table. ellor's banquet table turned to go within.

'My lord," said Sholto, "will you give me another horse, and let Darnaway rest in your stables? I must ride south again to "Order out all the horses which are ready

caparisoned," commanded William of Avondale, "and do you, Captain Sholto, take your choice of them.

He went within forthwith, and there ensued a pause . .ed with the snorting and prancing of steeds, as, filled with oats and brancing of steeds, as, inica with hay, they issued from their stalls, or, with the grass yet dewy about their noses they were led in from the field. Darnaway took his leave of Sholto with a backward neigh of regret, as if to say that he was not yet tired of riding on his master's service.

Then presently on the terrace above appeared laxy Lord James, busily buckling

the straps of his body armor and talking hotly the while with William. "I care not whether our father-" he

cried aloud, ere, with a restraining hand upon his wrist, his elder brother could succeed in stopping him.
"Hush, James," he said, "at least he mindful of those that stand around." "I care not, I tell you, William," cried the headstrong youth, squaring his shoulders as he was wont to do before a fight; "I tell you that you and I are no traitors to our

name, and whose meddles with our coz Will of Thrieve hath us to reckon with." William of Avondale said nothing, but held out his hand with a slow determinate gesture. Said he: "An' it were the father that begat us!" Whereat, with all the imthat begat us? Whereat, with all the impetuousness of his race and nature, James dashed his palm into that of his brother. "Whiles, William," he cried, "ye appear clerkish and overcautious, and I break out and miscall ye for no Douglas, when ye will not spend your silver like a man and are

heart's heart ye are aye a Douglas-and, though the silly gaping commons like ye not so well as they like me, you are the best o' us a', for all that!"

So it came to pass that within the space of half an hour the young Avondale Douglases had sent men to the four airts, young Hugh Douglas himself riding west, while James stirred the folk of Avendale and Strathaven, and in all the courtyards and streets of the little feudal town there be-

afraid of the honest pint stoup. But at the

gan the hum and buzz of war assembly.

Lord William went with Sholto to see staunch Darnaway duly stabled, and to ap prove the horse which was to bear the mes-senger to the south without halt, now that his mission was accomplished in the west. When they came out Sholto's riding har-ness had been transferred to a noble gray steed large enough to carry the burly James, let alone the slim captain of the guard of Thrieve. In the court, ranked and ready, bridle to

bridle, were ranged the knights and squires in waiting about the castle of Avondale, while out on a level green spot on the edge way to welcome his successor with what little grace was at his command.

"Eh, sirce, and what has brocht sic a braw young knight and grand frequenter of courts sae far as Douglas castle? Could no even let puir auld Landless Jock hae the tilt yaird here to exercise his handfu' in,

thought within him. He laughed at the notion. "Why, Earl William could, by a word, bring a hundred thousand men of the Galloway and the Marches to make a fitting jury."

greatest moment that the Avondale Douglases should know that which had befallen their cousin. For no suspicion of treachery within the house and name of Douglas touched with a shade of shadow the last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched be last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched with last touched last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched with last touched last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched last touched with a shade of shadow the last touched last touch tish lochs.

With a strange sense of detachment he looked down upon the greensward between him and his mother's gable end, upon which as a child he had wandered. Then it was nearly as large as the world, and the grass was most comfortable to small bare feet. There were children playing upon it now, even as there had been of old-among them his own little sister Magdalen, who hair was spun gold, and whose eyes blue as forget-me-not in the marshes of the Isle Wood. The children were dres white, five little girls in all, as for a festal day, and their voices came upward to Sholto's ear through the arches of the great beeches which studded the turf, even as

they had done to that of William Douglas in the springtime of the year.

The minor note, the dying fall of the innecent voices tugged at his heart strings. He could hear little Magdalen leading the

Margaret Douglas, fresh and fair, A bunch of roses she shall wear; Gold and silver by her side, I know who's her bride.

It was at "Fair Maid" they were playing the mystic dance of southland maidenhood at whose vestal rites no male of the was ever permitted to be present. The words broke in upon the gloom which oppressed Sholto's heart. Momentarily forgot his master, and saw Maud Lindesay with the little Margaret Douglas, of whom the children sang, again gathering the gow-ans on the braesides of Thrieve, or perilously reaching for the I reaching for the purple irises athwart

Take her by the lily-white hand, Lead her o'er the water— Give her kisses, one, two, three, For she's a lady's daughter.

As Sholto MacKim listened to the quaint and moving luliaby, suddenly there came into the field of his vision that which stiffened him into a statue of breathing

For without clatter or accouterment or tramp of hoof, without companion or at-tendant, a white pairrey had appeared through the green arches of the woodlands. A girl was seated upon the saddle, swaying with gentle movement to the motion of her steed. At the sight of her face as she came nearer, a low cry of horror and amazement broke from Sholto's lips.

It was the Lady Sybilla.

Yet he knew that he had left her behind him in Edinburgh, the siren temptress of Earl Douglas, she who had led his master into the power of the enemy, she for whose sake he had refused the certainty of free dom and life. Anger against this smiling enchantress suddenly surged up in Shelto's

heart.
"Halt there—on your life!" he cried, and urged his wearied steed forward. Like a winter wind among dried leaves the children were dispersed every way by the gust of his angry shout. But the maiden on the palfry either heeded not or did not hear. Whereupon Sholto rode furiously to in-tercept her. He would learn what had befallen his master. At least he would avenge him upon one—the chiefest and subtlest of his enemies. But not till he had come within ten paces did the Lady Sybilla turn upon him her regard. Then he saw her face. It broke upon him sudden as the imminent sight of hell to one sure of salvation. He had expected to find there gratified ambition, sated lust, exultant pride, cruel vengeance. He saw instead as it had been the face of an angel cast out of heaven, of a martyr who had passed through the torture chamber on her way to

the place of burning.

The sight stopped Sholto, stricken and wavering. His anger fell from him like a garment.

The Lady Sybilla's face showed of no The Lady Sybilla's face showed of no earthly paleness. Marble white it was, the eyes heavy with weeping, purple rings beneath accentuating the horror that dwelt in them. The lips that had been as the bow of Apollo were parted as though they had been singing the dirge of one beloved, and ever as she rode the tears ran down her cheeks and fell on her white robe, and upon her palfrey's mane.

her cheeks and fell on her white robe, and upon her palfrey's mane.

She looked at Sholto when he came near, but not as one who sees or recognizes. Rather as if dumb, drunken, besotted with grief looked forth the soul of the Lady Sybilla upon the captain of the Douglas Guard. She heeded not his angry shout, for another voice rang ever in her ears, speaking the knightliest words ever uttered by a man about to die. Sholto's sword was threateningly in his hand, but Sybilla saw only another sword gleam bright in the

"Ah, thank God!" burst forth Sholto, "he is alive! The Lady Sybilla moved her hand this way and ti

way and that, with the gesture of a billion man groping.

"Hush," she said. "I only said that he was well. And he is well. As I am already in the place of torment, I know that there is a heaven for those who die as William Douglas died." Douglas died!" Sholto's cry rang sudden, loud, despairat my bosom-lies cauld in the clay. Awa' wi' ye, Sholto MacKim, and come na back

"Dead-dead-Earl William dead-my "Dead—dead—Earl William dead—my master dead!"
He dropped the palfrey's rein, which till now he had held. His sword fell unheeded on the turf, and he flung himself down in an agony of boyish grief. But from her white palfrey sitting still where she was white palfrey, sitting still where she was, the maiden watched the paroxysms of his sorrow. She was dry-eyed now, and her

face was like a mask cut in snow. Then as suddenly recalling himself, Shol-to leaped from the ground, snatched up his sword and again passionately advanced upon the Lady Sybilla. "You it was who betrayed him," he cried,

pointing the blade at her breast; "answer true, I betrayed him!" she answered calmly. "You whom he loved-God knows how un-

"God knows," she said, simply and sadly away over the hill to Thrieve. The way is short and easy, and it was not long before the captain of the guard lookcalmly. "You betrayed him to his death. Why, then, should not I kill you?"

Again she smiled upon him that disarmed down upon the lights of the castle gleaming through the gathering gloom. But inng, hopeless, dreadful smile

"Because you cannot kill me. Because it were too crowning a mercy to kill me. Because for three inches of that blade in my heart I would bless you through the eternifrom highest battlement to flanking tower, only one or two lamps were to be seen shin ing out of that vast cliff of masonry.
But, on the other hand, lights were to ties. Because I must do the work that rethe long Isle of Thrieve, following the out-lines of the winding shores, shining from "And that work is-2"

"VENGEANCE!"

Sholto was silent, trying to think. He found it hard to think. He was but a boy, and experience so strange as that of the Lady Sybilia was outside him. Yet vaguely he felt that her emotion was real-more real, perhaps, than his own instinct of crude slaying—the instinct of the wasp, whose nest has been harried to sting the first comer. This woman's hatred was something deadlier, surer, more persistent. first comer. This woman's hatred was something deadlier, surer, more persistent. something deadlier, surer, more persistent.

"Vengeance," he said at last, scarce knowing what he said; "why should you who betrayed him speak of avenging him?"

"Because," said the Lady Sybilla, "I loved him as I never thought to love man born of woman Recause when the figure. born of woman. Because when the fiends of the pit tie me limb to limb, lip to lip with Judas, who sold his master with with Judas, who some his master with a kiss—when they burn me in the seventh hell, I shall remember and rejoice because to the last he loved me, believed in me, gloried in his love for me. And God, who has been cruel to me in all else, will yet do this thing for me, He will not let William Douglas know that I deceived him or that he trusted me in vain."

"But the vergeance that you spoke of—what of that?" said Sholto, dwelling upon that which was uppermost in his own

"Aye," said the Lady Sybilla, "that alone can be compassed by me. For I am bound by a chain, the snapping of which is my death. To him who in a far land devised all these things, to the man who plotted the fall of the Douglas house, to Gilles de Retz, marshal of France, I am bound. But—I shall not die-even you cannot kill me, till I have brought that head that is so high to hempen cord and delivered th fiend's body to the fires of earth and "And the Chancellor Crichton-and the tutor Livingstone, what of them?" urged Sholto, thinking like a Scot of his native traitors

The Lady Sybilla waved a contemptuous "These are but lesser rascals—they had been nothing without him. You of the Douglas house must settle with them."

"And why have you returned to this country of Galloway?" said Sholto. "And why are you thus alone?" are you thus alone?"
"I am alone," said the Lady Sybilla, "because none can harm me with my work undone. I travel alone because it suits my mood to be alone; because my master bade me join him at your town of Kirkcudbright, where he takes ship for his own country. whence he takes ship for his own country

of Brittany.' of Brittany."

"And why do you, if, as you say, you hate him so, continue to follow him?"

"Ah, you are simple," she said. "I follow him because it is my fate, and who

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Mackims Come to Thrieve.

Sholto MacKim stood watching a while

as the white palfrey disappeared with

the sea. Then, with a violent effort of will,

he recalled himself and looked about for

his horse. The tired animal was gently

cropping the lush dewy herbage on the

green slope which led downward to his na-

"Dear mother, I have something more

"Aye, I ken, ye needna break the news. It is that Malise my man is dead—that Laurence wha ran frae the Abbey to gang wi' him to the wars, is nae mair.

rode awa', wha brocht the news afore my Shelto could ride—tell me that?"

"I came not directly to Galloway, mother.

they named queen o' beauty at the tour-nay by the Fords o' Lachar-Certes, I

wadna believe her on oath, no if she swore

to stem the torrent of denunciation

"And what for should a be weel wi' me

What can be ill wi' me if it be not to gang on leevin' when the noblest young men

in the warld-the lads that was suckled

till ye hae rowed every traitor in the same bloody windin' sheet!"

on the ground in the dusk, leaning against the wall of her house. She held her face

in her hands and sobbed aloud: "Oh. Willie

oed ye. Bonnie were ye as a bairn. Bor

nie were ye as a laddie. Bonnie abune as a noble young man and the desire

maidens e'en. But nane o' them a' loed ye like poor auld Barbara, that wad hae

ly limbs-sae straight and bonny as they

lo without my bonny laddies!"

were! I hae straikit and kissed sae oft and

It was with the sound of his mother's

lament still in his ears that Sholto rode

stead of being, as was its wont, lighted

been seen wandering this way and that over

the sterns of boats out on the pools of the

either side of the ford, and even streaming

out across the water meadows of Balma-

Sholto was so full of his own sorrow and

the certain truth of the terrible news he

must bring to the lady of Douglas and

and her fair maid, that he paid little heed

to these wandering lanterns and distant flaring torches.

He was pausing at the bridge head to

walt the lowering of the draw chain, when out of the covert above him there dashed a

desperate horseman, who staved neither for

bridge nor ford, but dashed straight at the

eastern castle pool, where it was deepest.

and terrible, seen in the uncertain light

from the gate house, and the beams of the

The drawbridge clattered down, and, send-

ing his spurs home into the flanks of his tired steed, in a moment more Sholto was

hard upon the track of the first headlong

horseman. Scarce a length separated them as they reached the outer guard of the

castle. Abreast they reined their horses in

the quadrangle, and in a moment Sholto had recognized in the rider his brother Lau-

rence, pale as death, and in the figure that had clung to the stirrup as the horse took the water his father, Malise MacKim.

Thus in one moment came the three Mac

The clatter and cry of their arrival brought a pour of torches from every side of the isle and out from within the castle

"Have you found them-where are they?"

came from every side. But Laurence seemed neither to hear nor see.
"Where is my lady?" he cried, in a hoarse man's voice, and again, "I must see my

lady!"
Sholto stood aside, for he knew well that

these two brought later news than he. Presently he went over to his father, who

leaned, panting, upon a stone post, and asked him what was the news. But Malise

thrust him aside, apparently without recog-

Then through the torches clustered upor

nizing him.

Kims to the doorstep of Thrieve.

To the stirrup clung another figure strong

whom he loved, Maud Lindesay

ghie.

The foster mother of the Douglases sank

"I came only

which poured upon him. "I ca to see that all was well with you."

woods which barred the way to

dying, speak and fear not!"

"I have things more terrible than the death of many daughters to tell you!"

"Speak and fear not—an" it touch the lives of my sons, the mother of the Douglases has learned the Douglas lesson."

"Then." said Malise, sinking his head upon his breast, "God help you, lady—your two sons are dead!"

"Is David dead, also?" said the lady of Douglas. its rider into the purple twilight of

Douglas.

"He is dead," replied Malise.

The lady tottered a little as she stood on the topmost step of the ascent to Thrieve. One or two of the torch bearers ran to sup-port her. But she commanded herself and waved them aside.

tive cottage. Sholto took the gray by the waved them aside.

"God—He is the God!" she said. "In one day He hath made me a woman solitary and without children. Sons and daughter He has taken from me. But He shall not break my heart. No, not even He. Stand up. Malise MacKim, and tell me how these things came to pass.

And there in the blown reek of torches and the hush of the courtyard of Thrieve. Malise told all the tale of the black dinner and the fatal morning of the short shrift and the matchless death, while around him strong men sobbed and lifted up right hands bridle and walked toward his mother's door, pondering on the jast words of the Lady Sybilla. A voice at once strenuous and fa-miliar broke upon his ear. "Shoo wi' you, impident randies that ye are, shoo! Saw I ever the like aboot ony decent hoose? That hens will drive me oot o' my mind! Sholto, lad, what's wrang? Is't your faither? Dinna tell me it's your faither."

faither."
"It's worse than that, mither mine."
"No the earl—surely no the earl himsel—
the laddie that I hae nursed, the laddie that
was to Barbara Halliburton as her ain trong men sobbed and lifted up right hands

but alone and erect as a banner staff stood the mother of the dead. Her eyes were dry, her lips compressed, her nostrils a little distended like those of a war horse that sniffs the battle from afar. Outside the wall the reserved and the control of the control of the wall the reserved and the control of the wall the reserved and the control of the con "Mother, it's the earl and David, too. They are dead, betrayed into the hands of their enemies; cruelly and treacherously

that sniffs the battle from afar. Outside the wall the news spread swiftly, and somewhere in the darkness a voice set up the Celtic keen.

"Bid that woman hold her peace. I will hear the news and then we will cry the slogan. Say on, Malise!"

Then the smith told how his horse had breken down time and again, how he had pressed on running and resting, stripped almost naked that he might keep up with his son because that no ordinary charges.

his son, because that he might keep up with his son, because that no ordinary charget would carry his great weight.

Then when he had finished the lady of Thrieve turned to Sholto: "And you, cap-tain of the guard, what have you done, and wherefore left your master in his hour of need?"

wherefore left your master in his hour of need?"

Then, succinctly and to the point, Sholto spoke, his father and Laurence assenting and confirming as he told of the earl's commission and of how he had accomplished those things that were laid upon him. "It is well," said the lady, calmly, "Now I also will tell you something that you do not know. My little daughter, whom ye call the Fair Maid of Galloway, with her companion, Mistress Maud Lindesay, went more than twelve hours agone to the holt by the ford to gather hazel nuts, and no eye of man or woman hath seen them since."

And as she spoke there passed a quick, ered heart o' her ye ca' your mither!"
"Mother," said Sholto, "my lord was not dead when I left him—he sent me to raise the country to his rescue."
"And what for are ye standin' there clayering, and your lord in danger among his foes?" cried his mother angrily.

And as she spoke there passed a quick, strange pang through the heart of Sholto. He remembered the warning of the Lady Sybilla. Had he once more come too late?

(To be continued.)

Aweel, they are worthily spent, since they died for their chief! Ye say that ye were sent to raise the clan—then what seek ye at the Carlinwark? To Thrieve, man, to Thrieve as hard as we can ride! ART AND ARTISTS

at the Carlinwark? To Thrieve, man, to Thrieve, as hard as ye can ride?"
"Mother," said Sholto, still more gently, "hearken but a moment. Thirty thousand men are on their way to Edinburgh. Three days and nights have I ridden without sieep. Douglasdale is awake. The Upper Ward is already at the gates of the city. To a man, Galloway is on the march. The border is all aflame. But it is all too late, I have had news of the end. Before ever a Washington may have to wait even long r for the Sheridan monument which is to e erected in the triangle in front of the National Theater than Boston had to walt for the Shaw memorial. If memory is not herder is all allame. But it is all too late, I have had news of the end. Before ever a man could reach within miles, the fatal ax had fallen, and my lords, for whom each one of us would gladly have died with smiles upon our faces, lay headless in the courtyard of Edinburgh castle."

"And if the laddies were alive when ye rode awa" who brockt the news afore my at fault, it must be nearly ten years since Mr. J. Q. A. Ward received the commission for this monument, which is to be presented by the Army of the Cumberland, and now the announcement is made that he has become dissatisfied with his present model, and has pulled it to pieces. The reason as-"I came not directly to Galloway, mother. First I raised the west from Strathaven to Ayr. Then I carried the news to Dumfries and the borderside. But today I have seen the Lady Sybilla on her way to take ship for France. From her I heard the news that all I had done was too late."

"That foreigneerin' randy! Wad ye believe the like o' her? Yon woman that they named queen o' beauty at the tour. signed for this action is that the model was too much like some other statues that have been erected since the sculptor first conceived his plan.

The portrait show held for charity, which opens today at the Academy of Design in New York, is the most important display of this kind that has been held for some on the blessed banes o' Sanct Andro him-sel'. To the castle, man, or I'll kilt my coats and be there afore ye to shame ye!" hardly have had an enviable lot, as the hardly have had an enviable lot, as the "I go, mother," said Sholto, trying vain- greatest pressure was brought to bear on them through the patronesses and in other ways for the admission of portraits whose wners or painters wished to figure in the exhibition. Many fine old masters are in-cluded in the display, and there is an even erger showing of work by contemporary painters. Among the modern works ubited are notable canvases by Zern, Bon-Duran, Madrazo, McLure, Sargent Beckwith, Chase, Isham, Dewing, Irving, R. Wiles and a host of others.

The generally predicted boom in the pic-Willie Douglas, mair than ony o' my ain I ture market seems to be a little slow in coming on the field, and it may be some consolation to the local artists who have been discouraged by the state of affairs here to learn that times have been but litgien her life to pleasure ye. And noo she canna even steek thae black black e'en, nor wind the corps-claith aboot your cometle better in New York this fall. The pa ers of that city say that with lamentably ew exceptions the pictures sent to the re cently ended exhibits of the Water Color Club and the Academy of Design will be Oh, waes me-waes me! What will I returned to the artists' studios.

A very happy faculty for producing a likeness by grasping the salient points of his sitter's physiognomy makes Mr. H. J. Ellicott especially well qualified for portrait work in sculpture. His skill in this direction is exemplified by quite a group of busts now in his studio, and of these two are entirely finished, a portrait of Colonel James G. Berret, former mayor of Wash-ington, and a bust of Thomas Clarke. The portraits of Senator Mills and Judge Otto have not as yet been carried so far but in each the likeness can be distinctly seen in the first rough modeling of the Dee water, weaving intricately this way and that among the broomy braes on features.

> Mr. James F. Early, who now shares Mr. Ellicott's studio, has little important work on hand at present, but is kept pretty busy with ornamental work for architectural decoration. He has been doing good deal of this ornamental work for the embellishment of the new monastery building erected near Brookland. The most interesting things that he has executed lately are some well-modeled eagles that he has made for the post office in Brockton, Mass., and he has produced some designs of a similar nature for a post office building in Pennsylvania.

In monotype Mr. W. H. Chandlee seems to have struck a vein that he has been able to follow up with the most decided success, and certainly nothing that he has previously produced has ever met with such warm approval from his brother artists as have the monotypes that he has recently made. It was only a short time ago that he made his first print, but he grasped the possibilities of this medium at the outset, and every one of his landscapes or other subjects proclaims his entire sympathy with this form of artistic expression. During a recent visit to New York he placed with the Century Company an article illustrated with some of his monotypes. The series of illustrations was designed primarily to show how this art may be used in its simplest phases as a very pleasant form of amusement for boys and girls, and then by gradual progressic to show what can be done in monotypes of the highest class, those produced by a trained artist. Mr. Chandlee's illustra-tions were much liked, and he has the promise of other work from the same pub-

Prof. Andrews has before him enough "My lady," he gasped, "I would see my lady!" work in portraiture to keep him quite busy for some time to come. One series of por traits alone will take him a vast amount the steps of the castle came the tall, erect figure of the earl's mother, the Countess of Douglas. She stood, with her head erect. of time and labor. The Confederate Me-"And why do you, if, as you say, you hate him so, continue to follow him?"
"Ah, you are simple," she said. "I follow him because it is my fate, and who can escape his doom? Also because, as I have said, my work is not yet done."
She relapsed into her former listless, forthlooking, unconscious regard—looking through him as if the young man had no existence. He dropped the rein and the morial Association has commissioned him

would have been no black bull's head on the chancellor's dinner table in the banqueting hall of Edinburgh castle.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Strange Meeting.

It was approaching the evening of the third day after riding forth upon his mission when Sholto, sleepless, yet quite unscious of wearings of wasters approached the strange approach approached the strange approached A terrible figure was Malise MacKim, the strong man of Galloway, as he came forward. Stained with the black peat of the morasses, his armor cast off that he might run the easier, his under apparel torn almost from his great body, his hair matted with the blood which still oozed from an unwashed wound above his brow.

"My lady," he said, hoarsely, his words whistling in his throat, "I have strange things to tell. Can you bear to hear them?"

"If you have found my daughter dead or dying, speak and fear not!"

"I have things more terrible than the death of many of the commodore Schley and Ensign Bagley are especially descring of mention. In solidity and in the skillful rendering of the color and texture of flesh the head of Commodore Schley is one of the best things Prof. Andrews has done, and it is an excellent likeness withal. The portrait of Ensign Bagley is a three-quarteri-length figure, and the stars and stripes have been introduced in the background to add to the effectiveness of the whole.

Mrs. Andrews has been doing some work in her usual medium, water color, and her most recent production is a replica of the delightful little sketch which she exhibited at the water color show under the title "In a Pink Sunbonnet." She has in the studio several well-executed water colors which she painted during the summer. Of these a sketch showing a girl in a flaring sunbonnet claims attention on account of the truth with which the outdoor effect has been studied, and a sketch of some buildings in sunlight merits commendation for an equal fidelity and for a skill of handling which give the charm of style to an otherwise commonplace subject. studio several well-executed water colors an otherwise commonplace subject.

It is such a rare thing to see a really first-class Turner in this country that the small water color now at Fischer's is deserving of more than passing mention. If the picture did not bear so unmistakably the stamp of the great English master's handiwork, the inscription in the corner might add to its value by certifying to its genuineness. As it is, the words "Entirely good, J. Ruskin," seem almost superfluous The coloring is one of the first things that strikes the observer, and the dominant note in the color scheme is the beautiful deep blue of the water, a hue that is repeated with slight but endless variations in the shadows on the mountains and echoed in the sky. In some parts of the composition the handling is broad and sweeping and in other parts the effect is produced by the most marvelously delicate strokes of the brush. Any attempt to describe the more brush. Any attempt to describe the more subtle beauties of the picture would be fu-tile; converting poetry into prose is bad business at the best. It is a work that

Burnt wood decoration is the specialty which Miss Josephine Gloetzner has been following up for quite a while, and, with the exception of a share of her time given to teaching, she devotes herself exclusively to the practice of this branch of art. The Madonna and Child now at Veerhoff's is a Madonna and Child now at Veerhoff's is a good representative example of her work in this direction, and shows her fondness for the use of very fine lines. In the delicacy of her work is its principal charm, and only those who have tried their hands at this medium can realize the many obstacles which make fire work of this bind. stacles which make fine work of this kind so difficult to accomplish,

At a meeting of the Society of Washington Artists, held on Tuesday evening, three new members were elected-Miss Dalsy Brown, Mr. James F. Early and Mr. Glenn Madison Brown. The difficulty that the society has previously experienced in getting a quorum for the transaction of business is now largely obviated by the decision to consider as non-resident all members who absent themselves without previously no-tifying the secretary of their intention. The proposed holiday exhibition, which was to have followed immediately after the water color display, was discussed at length, and the project was finally dropped, as the members did not wish to go to even a slight expense from which they could not be certain of any return. The society is passing through a critical period just now, and there is no geiting around the fact. Up to the present time they have had the use of the gallery through the generosity of the owner at a merely nominal rent, out the first of the new year was the time set for them to begin full payment. Even with the financial aid derived from the dues of the associate members, the meeting of the current expenses will be a grave problem. A larger number of associate members would probably tide them over the crisis, and it is to be hoped that art lovers enough will be found to materially increase the list.

For some time there have been conflicting reports in circulation with regard to Miss Juliet Thompson's plans for the winter, but it is now stated authoritatively that sh will not follow her first plan of returning immediately. Instead she will remain in Parls during the winter and work with a view to contributing to one of the salons in the spring.

Cornelia Cassady Davis, a portrait and genre painter, formerly of Cincinnati and Chicago, has placed on exhibition at the Mt. Vernon flats, corner of New York avenue and 9th street, a collection of her paintings, including Pueblo Indian por-traits, Moqui snake ceremonies and a num-ber of landscapes, etc., which will interest lovers of art.

Citizens generally are aware of the fact, but there are many visitors and strangers in the city who do not know that the Corcoran Gallery of Art is open free to the public every Sunday afternoon from half-past 1 to half-past 4.

Hard on the Dentists. From the Chicago Post.

"Did you know," said the tooth carpenter, looking up from his paper, "that the Indians practiced dentistry in the earliest

"I didn't know it," replied the man who had once sat in a dentist's chair, 'but I am not at all surprised. The Indians have always been a brutal and a cruel race Then he laughed gleefully, forgetful of the fact that there was still time for the dentist to add \$15 or \$20 to his bill.

No bird can fly backward without turn-The dragon fly, however, can accomplish this feat and outstrip any swallow



The secret of courage and dash in was or peace—is good blood; pure rich blood full of oxygen and vitality. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery insures per-fect digestion and an active liver, and

IT MAKES THE BLOOD THAT MAKES HEROES.